Link's Adventure in Heelfall
Part 1: Capture
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Epona sagged her head as she carried Link through the misty forests of Termina. Link's long journey to find his lost friend Navi had taken them to a strange realm where the laws of time and reality worked strangely. But even after rescuing the people of Termina, Link felt no closer to achieving his goal. Ever since Zelda had returned him to his lost childhood body, Link had felt a strange sense of being out of place. No, not out of place. Out of time.

The mists parted and Link and Epona emerged into an open landscape, rolling hills and fields, dotted with settlements, a few cottages with smoking chimneys. Too much smoke. Then, Link spotted a group of men, dressed in simple peasant garbs, fleeing from an armored figure riding on horseback, who was bearing down on the unarmed men.

Link spurred Epona to a canter, and grabbed his wooden Deku shield as he swerved to intercept the path of the mysterious knight's charge.

The knight didn't hesitate, but Link thrust his shield to knock aside the incoming lance at a glancing blow. The knight's warhorse whinnied, and veered to the side, confused. The knight pulled at the reins, then rounded on Link. "Serf! You dare to challenge a knight of Queen–"

Link drew his slingshot from his belt and fired a Deku nut at the knight. The moment the nut struck the knight's visor, it exploded in a burst of light. The knight screeched and fell backwards off the startled warhorse.

One of the peasants halted at the commotion. "That boy…he's fighting a Queen's knight?"

Link dismounted and drew his sword. "Where are your fighting men?"

The peasant blinked, and a few more of the fleeing serfs stopped to watch Link curiously. "Fighting…men? But, there are no fighting men? Only women can be knights."

The men's clothing was strange to Link's eyes, thin shawls of cheap sackcloth.

The knight groaned, and pulled back her helm, revealing a delicate face and long hair. Link narrowed his eyes, and pointed the sword to the woman's throat. When Link had been trapped by the warrior women of the Gerudo tribe, he'd seen women carrying swords and wearing armor. One had even worn the heavy armor of an Iron Knuckle. But unlike the hardy, sun-tanned women of the Gerudo desert, this woman was strangely pale.

One of the peasants groaned. "Oh no, that boy struck a woman? Now we're all surely doomed!"

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Link disarmed the knight, then questioned her. Link had entered the domain of Heelfall. The unnamed village, and all its inhabitants, were the royal property of Princess Charlotte. Rumors of rebellion had brought the lone knight to the village, where she had found a disgusting man delivering a speech on the so-called “rights of men.” Men, of course, had no rights in Heelfall, as all men were subject to the natural, divine authority of their mothers and wives. So, the knight had planned to quell the heresy by running down a few of the male peasants, before returning home.

Finally, Link suggested that the woman knight be sent on her way. He had expected the men of the village to object, perhaps to demand the woman’s head on the spike, but the men seemed all too eager to let the woman go. Some of them bowed their faces flat against the ground, begging the woman to spare them, but she only laughed as she mounted her horse. “Dogs! You foolish men will pay dearly for this obstinance!"

Most of the men began to wail in despair, but the peasant who’d stopped to help Link led him aside. “I’ve never seen a boy your age show such courage…For that matter, I’ve never seen a man defeat a Queen’s Knight, whatever his age.”

The peasants introduced Link to the man who had delivered the public speech on men’s rights which had so offended the Queen’s Knight: Lord Chapman.

As a minor baron at the bottom of the noble hierarchy, Lord Chapman was a vocal supporter of the Men’s Front, a pacifist group devoted to the liberation of men from matriarchal oppression, through non-violent means.

Link was invited to visit Lord Chapman’s hold, a small stone structure at the top of the hill, or motte, overlooking the surrounding bailey. Link listened to Lord Chapman’s story with interest, before he finally raised his hand to ask a question. “But, how will you ever be free, if you don’t overthrow this Queen?”

Lord Chapman had glanced somewhat nervously at the window. “Weak men such as ourselves? Fighting against women? Everyone knows that women are vastly superior to men in terms of physical strength.”

Link looked quizzical. Finally, Lord Chapman wiped his brow with a handkerchief, and continued. “Besides, we are all still loyal to the Queen. Once our beloved Queen hears of our legitimate grievances as men, she will surely grant me an audience to make the case for Men’s Rights. But we strictly reject any form of killing, beyond what is necessary for self-defense. But as you may have noticed…the men of my country are not suited to violence.”

Link stroked his chin. “Then perhaps you should learn.”

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Weeks passed. Link tried to teach the peasant men the art of sword fighting with a straw dummy, but they all seemed completely horrified at the idea of using a sword on anything vaguely resembling a woman. In the end, Link settled on teaching them the art of scouting and archery. Though all the

men were still terrified at the very idea of facing a woman in battle, Lord Chapman did take Link's suggestion to raid supply wagons en route to the Queen's fortress. Fortunately, the men leading these wagons seemed all too eager to surrender immediately, and hand over anything they were delivering. Food, weapons, armor, textiles, all representing tithes and taxes from the surrounding villages. Soon, Lord Chapman's village was well equipped with everything a proper army could ever ask for.

After a month had passed, Link awoke and strolled the wooden fort walls, overlooking the men at work in the bailey. The blacksmith's hammer was ringing, the growing group of volunteer militia-men had gathered for morning archery practice. Link smiled. It seemed, at long last, that the peaceful men of this land had learned the art of war.

There was a thundering sound of a warhorn. Link glanced over the wooden battlement, and saw a platoon of soldiers approaching the walls of the bailey. Three knights rode at the front of the platoon. The knight at the center of the group wore black armor, and rode a magnificent white mare. Towering above the rest of the soldiers, the black knight held up a battle standard that bore a long, billowing flag. The leader of the knights removed her helm, revealing a cascade of vivid, blood-red hair. "Cowardly men! Did you think your brigandry would escape notice?"

Lord Chapman's face paled. "My Goddess! That's General Alexandra!"

The tall woman planted her flag, and held aloft a heavy spear. "Lord Chapman! Your lands and title are forfeit. Open the gates, and submit to Princess Charlotte's mercy. Perhaps, if you kiss her feet, our glorious princess may yet spare your life!"

One of the peasants stared at the platoon, trembling. "Are those three women all knights?"

Link smiled as he counted the soldiers, then he turned to call at the militia men. "That's right…Hey, everyone! There are only fifteen of them. And only three of them knights! That's nothing!"

The militia men all froze, staring up at Link like a herd of timid deer. "Princess Charlotte sent fifteen women? And three knights?" Then, all at once, they dropped their weapons and started running around, screaming like little girls as they crashed into each other and slipped on the mud. "Aaaagh! They have *three* knightly women! We're all gonna' die!"

"Or worse! If they take us alive, we'll be locked in Princess Charlotte's dungeon, and sentenced to a life of slavery and humiliation!"

"Mommy! I'm sorry, Mommy!"

One of the peasants charged toward the gates. "Let them in! If we surrender now, they may let us off with a good beating! Oh, please, General Alexandra! Have mercy! I wanted nothing to do with this rebellion."

Lord Chapman grabbed Link's shoulders. "Link, there is no hope! We weak, pathetic, cowardly men can't possibly do anything in the face of such overwhelming odds. You know how women are, whenever a man starts to argue with them, they go insane!"

The raving peasant thrust open the gates, and grabbed at the wheel that controlled the wooden drawbridge. Slowly, the ropes started to lower the bridge down toward the opposite bank across the moat.

General Alexandra let her horse rear dramatically, then led it at a walk toward the open gate, just below the drawbridge. "Lord Chapman? Come down, little princeling. I would have words with you."

Link brushed off Lord Chapman. "These men are useless! But you're they're only hope. You must escape, Lord Chapman, and rally more men to your cause."

"But…eighteen women! They are too many!"

Beneath them, the peasant weeped as he cranked the wheel to lower the bridge. "Spare me, mistress! I'll be good!"

Link drew his bow and knocked an arrow. "Then flee, Lord Chapman, and live to fight another day!"

Link shot an arrow at one the rope suspensions that held up the drawbridge. As the rope snapped in two, the drawbridge twisted in midair, and snapped to a halt as the second rope went taut. Beneath them, the cowardly peasant was knocked backwards as the wheel jolted. General Alexandra's horse whickered, before she pulled at the reins to calm the animal. But then Link let another arrow fly, severing the last remaining rope, and when the drawbridge came slamming down, and the horse panicked. General Alexandra clung tight to her saddle as her steed started to buck. "Woah!"

Link heard one of the other knights bark a command, and saw one of the female footsoldiers raise her cross bow. With practiced precision, Link drew and fired an arrow, aiming at the cross bow itself. The woman screamed, stumbling backwards as Link's arrow sunk deep into her weapon, and when she pulled the trigger, the bolt jammed with a metallic snapping sound.

General Alexandra secured her grip on the reins of her horse, and rounded to point at Link atop the wooden wall. "Get that boy!"

Link ran north along the wall, approaching the stone motte, and slapped his own rear end. "Nyah, nyah!"

Link ducked as a crossbow bolt whizzed past his scalp, nicking his green cap.

Below, General Alexandra roared with the voice of military command. "No! Don't shoot!"

Link ran blindly, then glanced behind him. Outside the wall, half of the foot soldiers were tracking him, but the three knights had broken off from the rest of the group, charging their horses inside the

city. The peasant men screamed with terror as the horses barrelled over carts and baskets of their foodstuffs.

The remainder of the platoon followed the mounted knights on foot, swords and crossbows at the ready.

General Alexandra pulled ahead of the group. “Young man, you come down from there, right this instant!”

Link stoped as the path came to a sudden halt at the base of the stone tower at the top of the motte, the final line of defense for the village. Link turned, and found no sign of Lord Chapman. He could only hope that he had the sense to flee, along with any of his loyal supporters, while the ferocious, fearsome females were still flummoxed.

General Alexandra halted beneath Link, and gestured to her women to order them to climb the rope ladder hanging from the wall. “It’s no use, boy. You’ve nowhere left to go.”

Link drew his Kokiri sword with lightning speed and cut one of the ropes at his feet, then casually swung his sword and sheathed it behind his back. Beneath him, one of the footsoldiers squeaked and clung to the single remaining rope. Link spotted some ivy growing along the side of the stone wall, and started to scale it.

With a roar, one of the other mounted knights jabbed her lance, plunging it deep into the wooden door at the base of the stone fort. Then she pulled it free and barked at the foot soldiers behind her. “After him! You four, find anything that can work as a battering ram!”

Link winced as he heard two crossbow bolts chip against the stone tower, above and below him, before he reached the top of the tower. Link rolled behind the battlements, gasping for air, then risked a glimpse over the stone. Beneath him, he realized General Alexandra’s soldiers had found a pig trough, and were slamming it against the wooden door with little success. They tensed as General Alexandra dismounted from her horse, her heavy iron boots sending dust flying as she stomped her foot. Even the other mounted knights looked nervous as the gigantic woman glared at them all. “Fools! The wood is too solid for that. Find a crow bar. An iron rod. Anything that can pry it open at the hinges.”

Link grabbed his pouch of Deku nuts, and spilled them over the wall. They bounced and tumbled off the wall, and when they struck the road below, each nut exploded with a blinding flash of light. The horses of the two mounted knights bolted, along with their furious riders, while the foot soldiers ducked for cover. Amidst the chaos, General Alexandra stood firm, her mouth tightening into a thin line. Finally, she raised her boot, and kicked down the solid oak door. “Enough.”

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In Lord Chapman’s arms room, Link examined his surroundings. There was only one spiral staircase in the tower, and General Alexandra’s platoon was surely scaling it now. Link spotted a barrel of stolen wine (that is, stolen by Princess Charlotte’s tax collectors before the brave band of cowardly

men stole it back to return it to its rightful owners). Rolling the barrel on its side, Link pushed it to the edge of the stairs, and sent it tumbling down.

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As the female foot soldiers scaled the steps, they heard a thumping sound, and froze. Then, the first foot soldier yelped as a wine barrel came bouncing toward her, knocking her flat on her back, before it rolled over the next two women with ease. One had the presence of mind to press against the wall, only for the barrel to slam down on her foot. She hopped on one foot, squealing in pain, before she lost her footing and landed on her rump.

General Alexandra stomped up the stone steps, then paused to listen to the commotion coming from ahead. Steeling herself, she gripped her spear, expecting to see an armed warrior. Then, a barrel came rolling into view, along with three foot soldiers. Quickly, Alexandra jammed the butt of her spear into the stone steps at a sharp angle. The barrel slammed against the iron pole with enough force to send a ripple through the metal, before all the soldiers came crashing to a halt against it, but Alexandra held the spear firm, her arms quivering. Then, she slammed her fist into the barrel, letting the wine spill like red blood at her feet.

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Link slammed the door shut, and barricaded it. As he examined his surroundings, Link saw full suits of plate armor, swords, spears, crossbows, all manner of weapons suitable for an army of men. But all of them were far too big for him. He was trapped. Glancing at the window, Link wondered if he could scale back down the wall, only to see a footsoldier aiming her crossbow directly at him from the base of the tower.

Link ducked back just in time before a crossbow bolt shot through the open window.

Then, he heard a gentle knock at the door, and a deep, sonorous woman's voice from outside. "All right, little soldier. You're trapped. Open this door at once."

Link drew his sword, and readied himself, waiting for the door to burst open.

A few lingering seconds passed. The woman's voice was strangely calm. "I have come to parlay."

Link's arm shook as he pointed his sword at the door. "You're lying!"

"You have my word, as a knight, that no harm will come to you."

Something in the woman's voice struck Link. Slowly, he sheathed his sword, and unlatched the door. He waited a few more seconds, then finally, opened the door for her. Alexandra towered nearly to the ceiling behind the door, before she ducked her head low to enter the room. "I commend you for your valiant effort. You could easily have killed my troops. Why didn't you?"

Link held his head high to meet the tall woman's gaze. "Lord Chapman and his men have no desire to wage war on your Princess. They want only to be treated with the rights and dignity due to them as men of her realm."

Alexandra raised an eyebrow. "Men? Waging war? Absurd. War is women's work. And the right of every man is to submit to his queen. I can tell you are a stranger in this land. It's plain from your dress, your speech. Why involve yourself in this matter? How we treat our chattel is no concern of yours."

Link crossed his arms. "I'm a Royal Knight of Hyrule. We swear an oath to defend the weak, and protect the innocent."

"A male knight? How strange. I admire your courage. However…"

Alexandra lowered herself into a defensive pose, holding up her spear. "...you are still a rebel, and a boy at that, and so must be *disciplined*."

Link hesitated, then lunged at the woman with a forward thrust. She deflected his stroke with such force, Link felt the impact rush up his arm, and barely kept his grip on his short sword. Link hopped backward, trying to keep out of range of the spear. He waited, expecting the woman to follow up with a quick counter-strike. But she only stood, like a stone statue, her spear at the ready. "The men here know their place. They would never dare to strike a woman, let alone a knight. But I see a strange look in your eyes. You have the eyes of a warrior. Not like the weak men of this land. You've seen the color of blood before, haven't you, boy?"

Suddenly, Linked remembered the moment he had struck the final blow on Ganondorf, before the King of Evil had transformed into the monstrous form of the boar Ganon. Link had buried the Master Sword in the throat of the beast, down to the hilt. Then, he saw the woman smile, and Link charged. Her spear ripped cleanly through his Deku shield, jarring his shield arm. Link twisted and crouched low, getting past the deadly spear point. He was in range. He leapt, and swung a horizontal stroke at the woman's face. Alexandra's eyes went wide as she saw the incoming sword stroke. Then, she dropped her spear, and caught Link by his waist, holding him in midair. Link's stroke sliced a thin line in the air, the point of the blade catching a lock of the woman's blood red hair dangling in front of her nose. Then, Alexandra lightly tossed Link in the air, snatched his sword arm by the wrist, and twisted his arm until he was forced to drop the blade. It clattered to the side. As Alexandra looked at him, her expression was a mockery of coy innocence. "Almost."

Grunting, Link kicked his feet, but the woman held him at arm's length as if he was no more than a baby.

Alexandra shook her head. "Ah, ah! You've lost this duel. Do not feel ashamed. That was a beautiful attack. If you were only a little taller, you would have killed me. However, you are still only a little boy, and therefore…"

Link looked down, and saw Alexandra nudging a wooden stool into the center of the room with her boot. Then she seated herself, and dropped him across her lap. As Link slapped down across her

thick thighs, he realized she was as strong as any Goron warrior he'd ever met. He felt a chill, and twisted to look for the source. Then, to his horror, he noticed that the woman had flipped up the skirt of his green tunic, and was roughly tugging down his white breeches with her great, huge hand. "...I have decided to spare your life. But I'm giving you a good spanking, right on your bare bottom."

Alexandra slammed her hefty palm down across Link's behind, easily covering both of his butt cheeks.

Link yelped with surprise, only for the woman to strike him again. This time, Link roared a war cry, and strained to break loose from her grip.

Alexandra only shook her head as she slowly raised her arm high. “None of that, little soldier. Despite being born a boy, you have the courageous heart of a woman. Now, try to endure your punishment with grace and resolve, as befitting of a warrior.”

But as Alexandra delivered the third spank, Link gasped, and flailed his arms and legs to block his bottom. “Owww! It hurts!”

As she grabbed Link’s wrist and twisted it into a firm grip against the small of his back, Alexandra groaned. “Then again, I suppose you are still just a silly boy, after all. And everyone knows little boys can’t handle a little spanking, without crying like a newborn babe. It’s in your nature. The Goddesses only gave to us women the ability to endure the terrible pain of childbirth. I’m sure that to your sensitive, boyish bottom, a light spanking must feel worse than most tortures would for a strong woman.”

Link kicked his feet. “Nooo!”

Alexandra kicked up her foot, and pinned Link’s feet between her thighs, and planted another ferocious slap. “Still, I won’t tolerate such obstinance. If any of my foot soldiers showed such cheek, I’d spank her ass red and raw. So, I’ll show you the exact same respect I’d show to a proper woman warrior.”

With that, Alexandra began to spank at a brisk, relentless pace, keeping a steady rhythm. Link screamed once, before the pace of the spanking forced him to catch his breath. There was a sound of shuffling feet, and a group of footsoldiers appeared at the door, led by one of the armored knights. “General? Forgive us for following you, but we heard cries of distress, and came to find out…what is happening?”

Alexandra narrowed her eyes at the women. “I gave you all strict orders to wait for me at the base of the tower, while I dealt with our renegade rebel. March straight to our camp, and await my judgment. As soon as I finish spanking this naughty boy, I’ll rejoin you. I expect to see all your bottoms bare and ready for a birching when I arrive.”

The knight’s eyes widened behind her visor. “But, General, I only thought you’d want me to–”

By now, Link was gritting his teeth, hissing for air after each slap.

Alexandra continued spanking the boy without skipping a beat. “When I give an order, I expect it to be followed. In this instance, a simple spanking will suffice as the penalty for your indiscretion. Or would you prefer a court martial for insubordination, Lieutenant?”

The knight saluted. “No, ma’am! Please punish me for my stupidity, as you see fit, ma’am!”

“Hmmph. And how else would I punish you, Lieutenant? Never mind. Go collect a good bundle of switches. And if any of the local serfs ask what you are up to, I expect you to explain to them *exactly* how they are going to be used.”

The knight trembled, but held her salute. “Yes, ma’am! To cane me on my bare backside, ma’am!”

“Correct. In fact, might as well get those bottoms bared now. You, foot soldiers, help the Lieutenant out of her armor, then undress yourselves.”

By this point, Link felt tears watering his vision, and shut his eyes tight, trying to suck down a breath. He felt like he was trapped beneath the Water Temple.

Alexandra paused the spanking for half a beat, then delivered a ferocious slap that sent ripples deep through Link’s tensed glutes. Finally, the boy cried, and two tear drops spilled down his cheeks. Alexandra smiled. “Gather the rest of the platoon. I’ll be with you in a few minutes.”

The minutes dragged on, second after painful second. Alexandra paused her lecturing, letting the relentless spanking do all the talking for her. Link cried freely, but as the spanking dragged on and on, his voice cracked, and his sobs grew more desperate. Then, finally, the spanking paused, and he felt something cool press against his bottom. Blinking back tears, Link glanced over his shoulder, and saw Alexandra tracing circles along his buttocks with her index finger.

Alexandra smiled as she examined the results of her work. Then she released her leg lock on Link, and adjusted her grip on his waist, stroking his upturned bottom gently, as if to comfort him. “Such cute, little buttcheeks you have. And they’re already quite red, though the color is a bit uneven. If you were an ordinary, weak, naughty little boy, I’d be more than satisfied. However, I also promised you I’d treat you like I’d treat a grown woman.”

Link tensed, and shook his head. This time, his face was nestled against Alexandra’s hefty thigh, but he had no energy left to fight. He tried to say something, but a dribble of snot dripped from his nose, and he stammered. “N–nuh…”

Alexandra landed a firm clap against Link’s right butt cheek, then his left, alternating between each to cover every square inch of his hindquarters with fresh spanks. Slowly, the mottled red marks flushed to a more consistent shade of red, perfectly matching the vivid hue of a Goron Ruby.

Link didn’t know how long the spanking lasted. He had lost all sense of the passing of time. But by the time it finally ended, he could barely move from exhaustion.

Alexandra pinched each of Link’s butt-cheeks lightly, whistling as she felt the radiant heat. “That will do. Of course, if you were guilty of treason, I would have to see you hanged…or thrown in the dungeon…”

Link whimpered. This was the end. He had failed. Then, Alexandra scooped him up off her lap, and held him against her bosom. “...But I think I have a much better idea, for a brave boy like you.”

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In the courtyard outside the stone fort, the Lieutenant and her footsoldiers gathered fresh birch switches. The Lieutenant was wearing only her chainmail shirt, which had been hiked up at the back

to reveal her bare buttocks. The footsoldiers had been forced to go bottomless, their hauberk pantaloons tied around their shoulders. A few of their companions watched them with a mix of genuine sympathy and undisguised relief.

Then, General Alexandra emerged from the tower, cradling a sniffling boy in her arms. “Where is Lord Chapman, and the rest of his traitor rebels?”

The remainder of the troop glanced at each other nervously. One of the knights shuffled her feet, then stepped forward. “Um…I fear he escaped in all the commotion?”

“Fools! This boy was the only true warrior amongst these cowards! We were ordered to quell this rebellion!”

“Maybe…we could slaughter the remaining villagers, and take their men as our concubines?”

Alexandra scoffed. “No. The serfs will be put to better use come harvest season. Never mind the weaklings. Come with me. We must remind these cowardly men of the price of treachery.”

Alexandra strolled down the hill toward the market square at the center of the bailey, and climbed the steps to stand on the scaffold, which held stockades and a gallows. Link tensed as the giant woman held him tight against her chest, before her voice boomed, ringing clearly above the sounds of the murmuring crowd. “Hearyee, hearyee, loyal subjects of the Queendom of Heelfall. Rejoice, for you are free from the threat of insurrection. Princess Charlotte is merciful. She knows that you common folk had no part in the treachery of Lord Chapman’s revolt. All who bow the knee, and kiss the royal standard, will be graciously pardoned.”

Alexandra held Link up high with both hands, then spun him to expose his backside to the gathering crowd. Link tensed as he noticed for the first time that Alexandra had hiked up his skirt, tucking it into his belt to reveal his glowing, red, bare buttocks for all to see. Alexandra ignored Link’s pleading eyes, her voice steady, her face composed. “The rebel leaders may have escaped, but we have taken one of their best weapons away from them…and I have gained a son.”

The soldiers cheered lustily, and the gathering peasants joined half-heartedly. Alexandra rested Link’s head on her shoulder, cradling him with one arm as she patted him across the bottom with her free hand. The gentle love taps were more than enough to awaken the angry sting of his recent spanking. “He will learn the true meaning of discipline and obedience. And one day, though he is only a young man, he may yet become a true knight. A knight worthy of serving Crown Princess Charlotte, and our glorious Queendom!”

As Alexandra waved to the crowd, she leaned in close to Link’s ear, and whispered in a soft, low voice. “Of course, if you misbehave, I’ll have to spank you again. But I know you will grow up to be a proper gentleman, one day!”

Link’s lip quivered. He wanted to break free, and fight the entire platoon of soldiers. If only he had his adult body, he knew he could have defeated them all. Still carrying Link, Alexandra mounted her white horse, and led it toward the gates of the bailey.

Then, Link heard a familiar horse's call. A footsoldier stepped out of the town stable, leading a young Clydesdale filly by her reins. "General Alexandra! We found a strange warhorse. Much too noble a breed for these peasants. We think it belongs to one of the rebel leaders!"

Link's eyes went wide as he recognized Epona. She was the only friend he had left in this strange land. Alexandra glanced down at Link with a curious look. "Hmm…very good soldier. I think that horse did indeed belong to a rebel leader. But not any more. Link, my child, how would you like to be the master of that beautiful horse?"

Link felt tears springing to his eyes. "Please, don't hurt her!"

Alexandra smiled softly. "Hurt her? Of course not. She is a loyal steed. Of course, I expect you to take good care of her. Because if you don't…Momma will have to spank you. Understood?"

Link felt a surge of rage. But then Link remembered he was only a boy again. He couldn't remember his mother's face. The last time he had been close to anyone that felt like a mother was when he had said goodbye to Saria at the edge of Kokiri forest. Link buried his face against Alexandra's massive bosom. "Yes, Mommy…"

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Link's bedroom had everything a spirited, adventurous young boy could ever dream of. A sword and shield mounted on the wall. A bookshelf full of magnificent stories of adventure and great warriors. A training dummy, built to endure years of daily use.

But at the moment, the most notable thing was the bed at the center of the room. It had been stripped of all its blankets and sheets, which had been tied into a makeshift rope which led out the open window.

Clad in her pajamas, General Alexandra was seated on the edge of the bare bed, whalloping Link's bare bottom with a heavy wooden hairbrush. His green tunic was folded neatly at the foot of his bed, along with his trusty leather boots. At the moment, Link was as naked as a newborn baby, and meeting and blubbering like one too. "Please, Mommy! Not the hairbrush! It hurts!"

Alexandra harrumphed, but didn't pause the spanking for a moment. Each crack of the hairbrush sent ripples through Link's bottom. "It hurts? And what if your grip had slipped, and you'd broken your neck? How bad do you think that would have hurt?"

Link hooted as the force of the spanking slowly built to a crescendo. "Yeeiipe! I'm sorry, Mommy! I'm sooo sorrrryyy!"

Alexandra smiled. Her adopted son was just so cute, she couldn't stay mad at him. But she had a maternal duty to fulfill, and she intended to do a thorough job. "You're sorry *now*, but not as sorry as you're going to be, little soldier!"

Alexandra increased the tempo of the spanking, without letting up on the relentless force. Link screeched, his resolve breaking down entirely. “Aaauu! Bahaw! Waaaaah–augh!”

Alexandra aimed the hairbrush in circles, covering the sides of Link’s bottom and the undercurves where his lower buttocks connected to his upper thighs. Then she aimed another six of the most ferocious blows yet, directly across the center of each buttock. Alexandra stretched her arm, ignoring Link’s pitiful wails. “There, that should do for tonight. But you know the rule for trying to run away from home. You can expect another spanking tomorrow morning. At daybreak, I’m sending you straight to the grove to whittle a proper-sized rod for your next spanking. You’ll get a good caning in the courtyard, so all the man-servants can see what happens to naughty little boys who try to sneak out of their rooms after dark.”

Link sniveled. “Puh-leeeze! I won’t run away ever again!”

Alexandra scooped the naked boy up, and cradled him. “Hmm. I’d like to believe you. But I’ll have to keep an eye on you tonight.”

Link hiccuped as he tried to catch his breath, covering his front with both hands.

Alexandra carried the boy to her sparse, plain bed chamber, and set him down on his feet. Then she pulled out a night shirt, and pulled it over the boy’s head. Link held out his hands to let Alexandra dress him, then clutched his bottom, sniffling.

Alexandra watched him closely. “Are you unhappy, Link? Do you want to run away because you don’t want to live here any more?”

Link bowed his head. “No…that’s not it. I wasn’t gonna run away forever. Just for a little while.”

Alexandra raised an eyebrow. “Oh? And what exactly were you planning to do?”

Link shuffled his feet. “Just…take Epona on a ride around the castle. We used to go all sorts of places, all by ourselves. You don’t have to worry about me.”

Alexandra stroked Link’s cheek. “Well, it’s my job to worry about you, because you’re *my* little soldier now. If you wanted to leave home to explore for a bit, all you had to do was ask. But I expect you to ask for permission to leave, and report back to headquarters before dark, like a good soldier should.”

Link looked at Alexandra with watery eyes. “You mean…you’re not mad at me?”

Alexandra kissed Link on the top of his head. “Of course not. Sometimes, you can be a foolish, naughty little boy. But you’re *my* foolish, naughty little boy. Understood?”

Link wiped his nose on the back of his sleeve, and smiled. “Yes, ma’am.”

Alexandra scooped Link up and sat him on her lap, wiping away the last of his tears. “And you understand that you still have another spanking coming to you, tomorrow morning, right, son?”

Link nodded, and kissed her cheek. “Yes, mommy.”

Alexandra cooed, and laid down on her bed, letting Link nuzzle against her breasts. “Good boy.”

The End?